The Prydonian Renegade

The official newsletter of The Prydonians of Prynceton
Volume three, number five August 1986

Club Stuff

On Saturday, August 23, we will be working a Public Television fundraiser for WHYY, Channel 12, in Philadelphia. We need at least twenty volunteers to answer the phones at their studio from about 3 to 6 pm. Refreshments will be served. You can volunteer by phoning Duffy McLaughlin at 215-946-5685 in the evening.

Instead of Doctor Who, WHYY will be showing the first two episodes of *Blake's Seven* that afternoon, testing the water, so to speak. If the audience reaction is good, they plan to offer the show regularly this fall. (See the article on *Blake's Seven* on page 8.)

Please try to help us out at the Fundraiser and support the showing of *Blake's Seven* on Channel 12!

South Jersey Satellite Meeting!

On Saturday, August 23, we will be holding a Satellite Assembly at the home of Eleanor Agin, 917 Pasadena Drive, Somerdale, NJ. This is in southern Jersey and should be very convenient for Prydonians in the area or from across the river in Philadelphia who are unable to make it to our regular Assemblies in the center of the state. We will be gathering at Eleanor's home at 7:30, which will give plenty of time to those coming from that day's WHYY fundraiser or Katy Manning Fesival in Philadelphia.

For directions, call Eleanor at 609-627-4769; or Allen Roberts (her fiance, also a Prydonian) at 609-858-2278; or Duffy McLaughlin at 215-946-5685. See you there!

September Assembly

The September Assembly will be held at the home of High Councillor Mimi Oakley, 3-04 Quail Ridge Drive, Plainsboro, NJ, on Saturday, September 6, starting at 7 pm. For information and directions, call 609-275-9452. We hope to have the club's new by-laws ready for distribution at this meeting.

Katch Katy in Trenton!

Katy Manning, the actress who played Jo Grant to Jon Pertwee's Third Doctor for three seasons, will be appearing at the Trenton War Memorial Auditorium on Friday, August 22, from 5 pm to midnight in a Festival of the Doctor Who Fan Club of America (DWFCA). The Festival, presented by the group that brought Patrick Troughton to Trenton last March, will also be showing off Katy Manning to Philadelphia the next day at the Hilton Hotel. Tickets for each event are $7 for adults and $4 for children twelve and younger. Tickets are available from DWFCA by calling 303-322-5072.

The earlier you order, the better chance you'll have of getting Katy's autograph, as ticketholders will be lined up for autographs in the order they purchased their tickets. Tickets will be available at the door, however, assuming the show doesn't sell out. There is a good chance that the Philadelphia show will sell out, as the Hotel has limited capacity.

New Jersey's three Doctor Who clubs, The Prydonians, the Jersey Jagaroth, and the Travellers of the Time Vortex (formerly the Doctor Who Fan Club of East Brunswick) will be providing volunteer workers at the Trenton show. Stop by our tables and say hi.

It's definitely going to be worth attending this event. Katy Manning lives in Australia and comes to America very infrequently. You may not get another chance to see her for some time!

Pertwee Tix Available!

Fans of Jon Pertwee who want to see him when he comes to the Trenton War Memorial Auditorium this October 18 may now order tickets for the event by writing Master Productions, Box AH, Stony Brook, NY, 11790. Advance prices are $10 per seat, including Mr. Pertwee's evening cabaret. Tickets, if still available, will be $12 at the door. No word on exactly when the show will begin or end, although it will probably run into early evening. Please make all checks payable to Master Productions.

Mr. Pertwee will also be appearing the next weekend, October 24-26, at Infinicon in Manhattan. Other guests for that event will be announced shortly. We'll have more on this convention next month.

23rd Season!

The Twenty-Third Season of Doctor Who, currently in the middle of production, and scheduled to begin airing in Britain sometime this September, seems finally to be straightened out. Eric Saward, despite quitting as Script Editor after a dispute with producer John Nathan-Turner, did apparently finish writing the script for the final two episodes of the fourteen-week-long story, "The Trial of a Time Lord." Rumor has it that in the absence of a permanent replacement, Pip Barker, co-author of "The Mark of the Rani" and of the third of this

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Editorials

Too many conventions?

The next few months will see an avalanche of conventions in our area, almost too many for even the diest of die-hard fans to cope with. What with Katy Manning in Trenton and Philadelphia in a few weeks, Tom Baker reported to be turning up in New York and Philadelphia in September (projected dates are September 14 in Philadelphia and the 28th in Manhattan, but those are only speculative and no locations have been announced yet), Matthew Waterhouse coming to a Creation Convention in New Brunswick September 20–21, and then the Jon Pertwee shows in October, the next few months threaten to overwhelm even our indefatigable stalwarts' appetite for live Doctor Who.

A little discrimination may be the only way to avoid total burn-out. It behooves everyone who can to go see Katy Manning. First of all, the show is about as cheap as it is possible to pull off. Second, the lady lives in Australia and may not make it back our way for a long time. Third, she is about to end her reign as the current Companion (at least on New Jersey Network and WHYY) and with Pertwee coming in soon, the chance to get her to tell stories that Jon will have to respond to is too good to miss. Then, too, the show will be held in New Jersey, and for those of us proud of our state, it should be an obligation of pride to support as many Who events as we can held within New Jersey.

For the same reason no one should miss the Jon Pertwee convention. Again, the price is remarkably low considering that this is a Doctor we'll be seeing. Also, Ralph Schiano is a new promoter with many fine ideas and a willingness to cooperate with the fan clubs. He deserves all the encouragement we can give him.

Last Chance!!!

Yes, it's your last chance to enter the 1986 Story Contest and win the Grand Prize, Jeremy Bentham's *Doctor Who: The Early Years*. As you no doubt remember, the rules are simply: following "The Two Doctors," write a story explaining what happened to either the Third, Fourth, or Fifth Doctor as an Androgum. Stories must be 2000 words or less, typed (or computer printed), and accompanied by a $1 entry fee. Deadline is Saturday, August 30. Mail all submissions to Gallifrey East. Please do not send your only copy. To get an idea of the sorty of story we're looking for, read the editor's sample on pages 6–7. Get with it!

The High Council

Tom Beck—Editor of *The Renegade*, convention volunteer coordinator. 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540. 609-921-8148.

Duffy McLaughlin—Public TV fundraisers, coordinator of Pennsylvania and south Jersey activities. 5 Park Lane, Levittown, PA, 19054. 215-946-5685.

Cynthia Moreno—Special projects, coordinator for Pennsylvania and south Jersey. 2428 West Hilton Street, Philadelphia, PA, 19129. 215-322-1460.

Kim Elaine Neighbor—Meetings and programs, club fundraising. 50–23 Garden View Terrace, East Windsor, NJ, 08520. 609-443-8725.

Mimi Oakley—Special projects, publicity, liason with other clubs. 3-04 Quail Ridge Drive, Plainsboro, NJ, 08536. 609-275-9452.

Sue Osmers—Treasurer and bookkeeper. 960 Queens Drive, Yardley, PA, 19067.

Dave Smith—Minister of Transportation. 247 Tioga Street, Trenton, NJ, 08609. 609-396-2221.

More Club Stuff

Welcome, new High Councillor!

Cynthia Moreno of Feasterville, PA, has been named an interim High Councillor of The Prydonians. The High Council unanimously approved her appointment at their recent meeting on July 30. Cynthia will be preparing to replace High Councillor Duffy McLaughlin when she leaves the Council later this summer.

Also, Councillor Sue Osmers has been named to replace John Brew as the club's Treasurer. John had to resign recently due to work commitments. This leaves Sue's own position open. The High Council will make another interim appointment soon. It was decided not to go to the expense of a special election now, because general elections for all seven Councillors' seats will be held soon anyway. Any club member over eighteen will be entitled to stand for election to the Council. All this will be detailed in the new by-laws, which are expected out in September.

In the meantime, we'd like to welcome Cynthia to the High Council and to wish her and Sue the best of luck in their new responsibilities!

The Prydonian Renegade is published monthly by The Prydonians of Prynceton, Inc., a Doctor Who fan club. Address: Gallifrey East, 359 Nassau Street, Princeton, NJ, 08540. Telephone: 609-921-8148. *Doctor Who* is (C) 1986 BBC. This publication is intended solely for the entertainment of the club's members and no infringement of anyone else's copyright is intended. Unsigned articles may be reprinted freely, provided that citation is given, in any free publication of any other not-for-profit fan club. By-lined articles may only be reprinted with the written permission of the editor of *The Renegade*. Membership in The Prydonians of Prynceton is $6 per year for individuals, $8 per year for families and households. The club maintains a computer bulletin board system on the TARDIS BBS, 609-448-1361. The Prydonians of Prynceton are a Charter Chapter of the Doctor Who Fan Club of America (DWFCA), and a member of the North East Matrix (NEM), the APC Net, and Star Net. Didn't the Third Doctor take Jo for Granted?

Join! Join! Join!

There are many other fine Doctor Who clubs in the world besides The Prydonians of Prynceton. We maintain cordial relations with at least twenty-five such organizations all over the country (and, indeed, in several other countries). While, of course, we cannot expect people to join all of them, we would at least recommend that you check out some of them. If you know of others, let us know. And, by all means, tell us what you think of these clubs after you join them! (Incidentally, when writing any of these clubs [except the overseas ones], include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.)

North East Matrix Clubs:

The Jersey Jagaroth: No longer quite the apostles of bad taste they were when younger and smaller. Too bad. Still, a very fine agglomeration, and well worth your time, especially if you live in northern New Jersey. Dues are $6/year. Monthly meetings, great newsletter "A Mouth On Legs." For information, write: 14 Mills Street, Apt. 2, Morristown, NJ, 07960. Telephone: 201-326-8839.

The Unearthly Children: Our Pennsylvania counterparts. Founded at the same time as The Prydonians of Prynceton. Serving Bucks County, Philadelphia, and southern New Jersey. $6/year. Superb newsletter, "The Children's Page." Wonderful monthly meetings. For information, write: PO Box 642, Richboro, PA.

Gallifreyan Embassy of Long Island: Great group of young people who really know how to have a good time. From "Doctor Lou" to "The Anti-Doctor," there isn't a mundane in the bunch. $6/year. Very good newsletter. 242 Hoke Avenue, Oceanside, NY, 11572.

TARDIS Tours: A new group, located in Pennsylvania's Lehigh Valley. Energetic and exciting. $6/year. Newsletter is called "The ?" and is improving all the time. PO Box 1064, Bethlehem, PA, 18017. 215-868-8342.

Two Hearts, LTD: The newest Matrix club, founded in March and admitted in May. Serving Harrisburg and the rest of central Pennsylvania. $6/year. Fine newsletter called "Double Talk." PO Box 3092, Camp Hill, PA, 17011. 717-761-6313.

Travelers of the Time Vortex (formerly the Doctor Who Fan Club of East Brunswick): the newest members of the North East Matrix. Monthly newsletter called "Gallifrey Times." Excellent interviews with various Doctor Who stars. So far, geared largely towards relatively new fans, those who still have a lot to learn about Doctor Who and fandom. Write: 14 Boston Post Road, East Brunswick, NJ, 08816.

National Clubs:

Doctor Who Fan Club of America: The world's largest fan organization (over 40,000 members!) Our parent and sponsor club. $5/year, semi-annual newszine "Whovian Times." Puts on regional Festivals (including one last March in Trenton, NJ, starring Patrick Troughton and this month's with Katy Manning). PO Box 6024, Denver, CO, 80206.

DoctorWhoInformationNetwork: Canada's national club. The best DW club in the world. Only around 1000 members, but very intense. Their bi-monthly magazine "Enlightenment" is the best DW publication anywhere. $8/year (in US funds), but definitely worth it. 303 Houghton Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario, CANADA, L8K 2N4.

DoctorWhoAppreciationSociety: The national British fan organization, and the oldest DW group of them all (now ten years old). They are trying to get American members, although not all of their services and merchandise are available to us. Still, the monthly "Celestial Toyroom" is an excellent source of information on the programme and fandom. On the other hand, membership is $30/year (yes, thirty), which is a lot for a club that doesn't pay much attention to its American members. Still, lots of information.

Companions of Doctor Who: the other American national group. Older than DWFCA. Based in New Orleans, but with chapters (called "TARDISes") all over the country. Interesting newsletter called "The Unpaid Scientific Adviser." $8/year. PO Box 56764, New Orleans, LA, 70156. This is an excellent club for people wishing to make contact with

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The Archivist's Annals

The Cold War—

by Cardinal Martin Gerster

Greetings, avid readers! Sorry that I haven't had a column in four months. High School students get awfully busy. Let's leave that behind us, though, and get on to this month's column.

After the destruction of whatever planet was their world of origination, the survivors, a small group of warlike reptillian creatures, settled on Mars. This was the fourth planet outward from Sol, an insignificant yellow G0-type star in Mutter's Spiral. Exact dates are hard to come by, but it is estimated that they arrived on Mars between two and three million years ago (as reckoned from the current date here on Gallifrey).

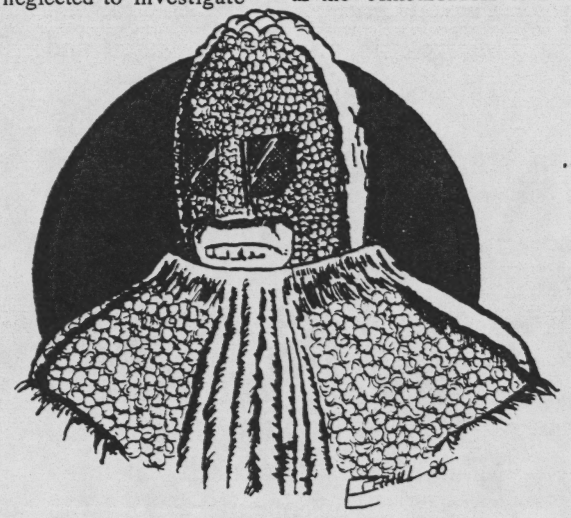
Despite their resemblance to terrestrial reptiles, they were not cold-blooded, and the frigid Martian climate suited them well. Their civilisation did not survive the destruction of their homeworld, the rigors of interstellar travel, and the extreme difficulties of adapting to life on a new planet. At first they lived in very primitive circumstances, but gradually began to rebuild their civilisation and even to expanding over Mars' rugged surface. Finally, their horizons lifted to include the heavens as well.

The inhospitable climate of their adopted homeworld had reinforced their already belligerent nature. Aggressiveness and lack of compassion were the traits that favoured survival on Mars; caution, hesitancy, and pity were soon bred out of the race. Their evolutionary history would bode ill for the rest of the Galaxy.

illustrations by Gene Cahill

Approximately one million years ago, this race (nicknamed the "Ice Warriors" by a Time Lord who has encountered them on several occasions) sent a military expedition to the nearest neighbouring planet, Earth (Sol III). The Ice Warriors believed the planet to be rich in minerals and hoped to colonise it. Unfortunately, the expedition failed to return.

Curiosity is not a strong character trait of fundamentally warlike races, and the Ice Warriors neglected to investigate the expedition's fate. At the same time Mars experienced cataclysmic geotremors, leading to a sudden drying up of the water supply. In the subsequent civil war over what water was left, the expansionist party lost power. As a result, the Ice Warriors abandoned their plans to take over the Earth.



These civil wars lasted for millenia, devastating the surface of Mars. The Ice Warriors were forced to burrow underground to escape the radiation. They spent almost a million years in enforced hibernation.

At this time, aliens from Cygnus Alpha sent a scientific expedition to the Sol system. A party from the expedition landed on Mars, where the radiation was so extreme that they were forced to go into suspended animation in order to survive. Millenia later, they had grown accustomed to the radiation, indeed thrived on it. This caused havoc when representatives of the Cygnus Alphans met with a group of Earth spacemen. They were now radioactive themselves and contact with them proved fatal to the humans. The Cygnus Alphans were popularly known on Earth as the "Ambassadors of Death."

Throughout this period Earth was sending primitive space probes to explore Mars. It is not known how they managed to miss finding any traces of the Ice Warriors, but it is nevertheless true that humanity had no notion of their existence.

These probes did, however, indicate to the Ice Warriors, just beginning to emerge from their catacombs, that they were not alone in the Sol system.They immediately began to view humanity as a threat to their domination of the solar system and started planning to conquer Earth. This type of behaviour is often referred to as the "This Universe Isn't Big Enough For Both Of Us" syndrome.

In Temporal Location 72,704 (1999 AD), an Ice Warrior invasion force seized Earth's Lunar Transmat Relay Station and used it to sow Martian Seed Pods across the planet's winter zones. These pods produced a deadly fungus which spread rapidly over the Earth's surface. The Ice Warriors also captured Earth's Weather Control Station. But Earth was saved by a visiting Time Lord called the Doctor, who managed to recapture the Weather Control Station and then destroyed the fungus by causing deluges of warm rains. The invasion force was later obliterated by a solar heat gun.

Demoralized by this defeat, the Ice Warriors agreed to an armistice and pledged not to launch any more attacks against humans, on Earth or anywhere else. Although some Ice Warrior factions bitterly opposed this peace, the majority abided by it. After the invasion of a hyperspace drive, they chose to abandon Mars and settle elsewhere in the Galaxy.

Around 3000 AD (Temporal Location 73,708) the Ice Warrior Expeditionary Force lost over a million years before was reactivated by a group of human scientists battling a second Ice Age. This force was led by the Ice Lord Varga. Immediately after their reawakening, they reasserted their claim to the Earth. They were destroyed by the Doctor (yes, again). The Ice Warrior planet disclaimed any responsibility for the actions of their long-lost force.

Eventually the Ice Warriors joined the so-called Galactic Federation, the successor union to the Empire of Earth. Once again, factionalism appeared

A history of the Ice Warriors

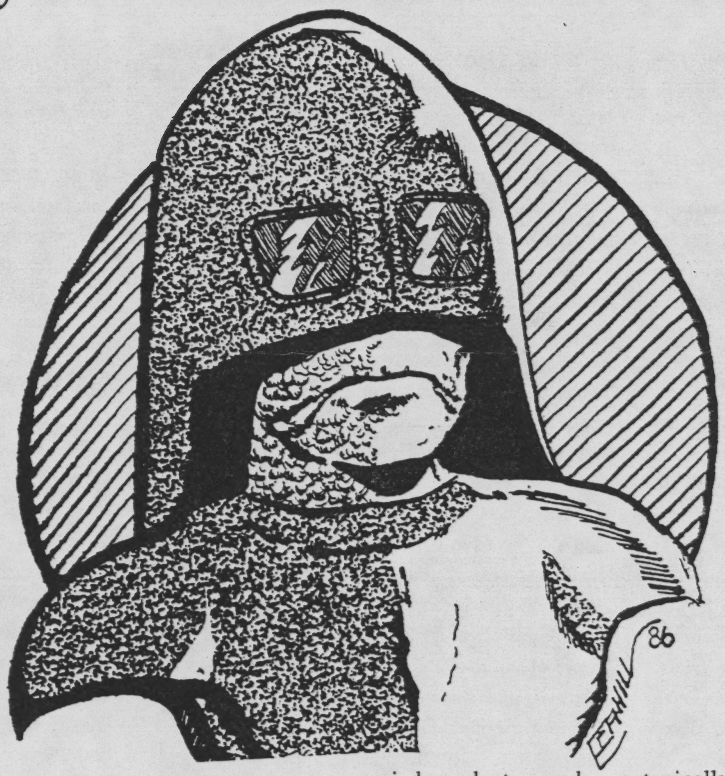
amongst the Ice Warriors. Most of them genuinely desired to live at peace with the other members of the Federation, but a small and determined group of hotheads still sought revenge for the earlier defeats at the hands of the humans and dreamt of galactic domination.

Their reputation for militarism and imperialism preceded their entry into the Federation, which sometimes caused them difficulty in entering into Federation affairs. The two Peladon crises are examples of this. The first time, the Ice Warriors were genuinely trying to help mitigate the situation caused by the murder of a Federation diplomat on that primitive planet, yet their reputation caused them to be viewed by their comrades with suspicion.

The second time they were not suspected right away, although now a faction of militarists had plotted to take control of Peladon's trisilicate supply as the first step in a war against the rest of the Federation.

Recently the Ice Warriors have not been very active in galactic affairs. An uneasy truce between the factions reigns on their home planet. They seem to be devoting themselves to scientific research at the moment, concentrating on devices which can increase the energy output of star by at least fifty-fold. It's nice to see them working to solve the Galaxy's energy shortages.

The Ice Warriors are a green reptilian race. Fully-grown, they stand 2.6 meters high and weigh over 220 kilograms. They are always seen wearing massive crested helmets. Their body armor forms a protective shell which may be semi-organic, like



that of a snail. Their powerful arms end in huge metallic clamps rather than hands or claws. It is often difficult to tell where an Ice Warrior's body ends and his armor begins.

They carry tubular sonic disruptors mounted in the armor on their right forearms, but at times also carry huge rifle-like sonic weapons. Obviously, the Ice Warriors are masters of sonic technology.

Their armor protects them from most possible dangers, but they do have one significant weakness: although they are well adapted to cold, they are unable to stand heat, especially extreme heat.

There are two castes of Ice Warriors: Warriors, and the noble Ice Lords. The Lords are physically somewhat different from those they rule. Slightly thinner and lighter coloured than the Warriors, they are also much more intelligent. Factionalism always occurs amongst the Ice Lords, as they are fiercely independent and satanically proud, often fighting amongst themselves when no external enemy is at hand.

Ice Warrior culture is extremely militaristic. Their language contains a huge number of miltary terms and most of their literature concerns war. The vast majority of their proverbs, sayings, and metaphors has a military flavour. Almost every problem they face is treated as a military obstacle.

Ordinary Ice Warriors usually obey their leaders' orders unquestioningly, the Lords themselves are a quarrelsome group, riven by petty hatreds and long-lasting political feuds. Lords can not cooperate amongst themselves while on missions, so each force is likely to contain only one Lord and his personal retinue.

Ice Warriors are extremely jealous of their privacy and have never been seen out of their armour. Any attempt to remove the casing causes an explosion. Only males of the species leave their home planet; females have never been seen.

Trivia Time!

Yes, Trivia fans, it's that time again! Our last question was: "When the Doctor met Zöe, before he took her on board the TARDIS, he tried to warn her of the dangers of being a companion by using the Scanner to show her one of her adventures. Which episode did he screen?" The correct answer is "Evil of the Daleks." So many people wrote in to answer that we had to draw one lucky Prydonian's name out of the hat. The winner is Doug Famy. Doug received two of the most recent Target novelizations.

This month's question is: Jondar, leader of the rebellion on Varos, was accused of many crimes. Name three of them.

Send your answer to: Coordinator Martin Gerster, 183 Hopewell-Pennington Road, Hopewell, NJ, 08525, or call 609-466-1361. All answers must be received by August 30.

My humblest apologies to all of you who've written me and have not yet received an answer. I promise that I will eventually get around to answering all of your letters in one fell swoop. Again, my apologies, and thanks for being so patient.

Story Contest Sample!

(The following story was written by a member of the High Council and one of the judges in our Story Contest. This story is meant only as an example of the sort of story we're looking for; it will not be considered for one of the prizes. Also, its contnt is a little bit strong, so the impresionable or sensitive among you might wish to consider skipping these two pages.)

The Law of

by Tom Beck

"Yo, dis here jungle is murder to trek through! And it's so dark, you can't hardly see my gleamin' pects and biceps! Geez, war sure is hell!"

Rambo hiked on, cursing the namby-pamby liberal government wimps who'd sent him on this mission to danger, heedless of just how much he could be making in Hollywood and on the talk-show circuit. Perhaps that was why the jealous spineless worms had done it... . He shouldered his macho way through a thicket, carefully avoiding the clear path just a few feet to his left. A branch snapped back across his forehead, ripping away the headband. He felt naked without it.

Just then, a strange noise filled the air. It sounded like the trumpet of an asthmatic elephant. As Rambo stared incredulously, a hazy blue shape appeared out of nowhere, took root on the ground between two trees, and slowly solidified into a large box with white lettering. "Police Public Call Box" Rambo sounded out. "What da ----ing A is dat?"

Whatever it was, it was obviously some kind of Commie threat. Rambo quickly unshouldered his M16, his bow and arrow, his RPG launcher, his seven combat knives, his .357 Magnum, his Walther PPK, and his pearl-handled Derringer. Coolly levelling them at the door of the strange Russian device, he waited for the enemy to appear.

The door slowly opened. Rambo could hear a loud, harsh, twangy voice boom out. "Doctor, just where are we? This doesn't look like Heathrow to me!" A girl wearing a purple uniform emerged. Behind her followed a tall, slightly built young man in a long, creamy white coat with red piping, red-striped white trousers, and a white panama hat. There was a piece of celery attached to his lapel. Rambo had always known that vegetable eaters, health food freaks, were Commies.

"Now, Tegan, do be patient. I promised to get you to your flight on time, and I shall. But we're here now, don't you think we should at least take a look around?" He began to stroll off. The girl looked daggers at his back.

"No, Doctor, I don't. What kind of place is this, anyway? Looks like Deva Loka to me."

The man she called the Doctor turned around and smiled at her. "Oh, no, it couldn't be. No, we're on Earth somewhere. The tropics? Haven't been here in...oh, a hundred years, at least!"

Rambo had had enough. Not only were they talking nonsense, but their accents were funny, too. Must be Russians trying to speak English. He jumped out at them.

"Okay, freeze, Commies!" He hoped they'd make some false move so he could blow them away, but they didn't cooperate. He threw the man against the blue box and started searching him. The first thing he found was a large red ball, about the size of a baseball, but stitched differently and much harder, almost wooden. Rambo wondered if the Russians played baseball. He himself had given it up when he discovered the Cubans, Nicaraguans, and Japanese all played the game. He also found a large, silver stick with a circlet and cone device at the top. "Okay, Commie creep, what's dis? Some kinda torture thing I bet." He flipped the Doctor around. "Yo, creep. Who are you and how'd you get here?"

The Doctor stared at him in amazement and alarm. "Dear me, I'm afraid you have us mistaken for someone else. I'm the Doctor and this is Tegan. Tegan is a stewardess for Australian Airlines. As for how we got here, I'm afraid that at the moment we don't even know where 'here' is."

"Australia," Rambo said. "Ain't they supposed to be some kind o' allies o' the US? Hey, are you two escaped POWs? That's what I'm here for, to rescue you! How long've the VC been holdin' you? Years, I bet," he said to the Doctor, "you look so thin! Well, have no fear, John Rambo is here, and I'll get you outa this stinkin', steamin' jungle if it's the last thing I do! The US is on top again, and that means we always make it to freedom by the end o' the movie!"

The Doctor and Tegan looked at each other in astonishment. "Oh my," said the Doctor. "May I ask what year this is?"

Rambo stared back. "Geez, how long did dose Commie creeps hold you, anyhow? Dis is 1986. You mean, you've been in dat jungle for all dat time? Hey, I bet dat really means you're lookin' to have a good time, huh, lady?" He tried to sidle up to Tegan. Before he could put his arm around her, she kneed him in the groin and stomped off indignantly.

Rambo slumped to the ground in agony. In sympathy, the Doctor tried to help him to his feet, but Rambo wouldn't let him. "Geez," he gasped, "dat's what happened da last time I tried to get friendly wid a broad. Lady in leather, called herself the Rani. Don't women want a real man like me?"

The Doctor had started back towards his strange blue box. Rambo yelled after him "Hey! Where do you think you're goin'?"

Without stopping, the Doctor entered the box. "To see if I can fix the TARDIS so that we can get out of here!"

Escape in a box? Rambo couldn't believe his ears. "Hey, buddy, da only way we're gonna get outa here is through da jungle, wid me in da lead! Like, I'm da hero, and it says in my contract dat I get to rescue someone in each movie and da girl's gotta be properly grateful to me in da end. So let's get started, huh?"

The Doctor emerged from the TARDIS shaking his head ruefully. "Unfortunately, I believe you're right. There's something wrong with the Boost Phase Distributor."

"Crummy military contactors," Rambo sympathized. "Can ya fix it?"

"No, I'm afraid not," the Doctor answered. "It will take at least seventy-two hours for the Fuel Flow Balance to realign itself."

"Seventy-two hours!" Rambo exclaimed. "Why, dat's almost three days! We can't wait around dat long. We gotta get going now! It's in da script, see, dat three regiments of Soviet paratroopers come swarming down to try and get us. I think it's supposed to happen about four or five pages from now. Let's move out!" He began storming his way through the dense jungle in what appeared to the Doctor to be an arbitrary direction. The noise was considerable.

Shaking his head, the Doctor set off to find Tegan.

Rambo hadn't gotten too far into the bush when the two time travellers caught up with him. The commando's bulging muscles were almost glowing from the sweat and the lighting. On the other hand, he'd left behind him enough destruction to make a path

the Jungle

sufficiently wide for a C5A to land. The Doctor and Tegan were properly grateful.

"Don't you think we should use those paths over there?" Tegan asked.

"Yo, lady, dose paths were made by da VC," Rambo answered. "No red blooded American uses Commie conveniences."

"But that's ridiculous!" Tegan screamed. "What difference does it make who made the path? It's here, why not use it? What's important is that we get away from these people you say are chasing us!"

Rambo glared at her. "Geez, whadda dey teach you in Australia, anyway? Dat's not survival skills! It's a good thing youse two ran into me, otherwise you'd end up back in a VC camp for sure!" He bulled his way through several more feet of thorny trees and brush.

"Speaking of survival skills," the Doctor commented, "what are we going to eat? You don't seem to be carrying any provisions, and the TARDIS' food preparation unit was on the blink."

"Like everything else in that wretched machine" Tegan grumbled. The Doctor stared at her reprovingly.

"Eat?" Rambo rasped as he pushed over a large tree with his shoulder. "Whatever we can find along da way. Dat's da law o' da jungle, folks. It's you or dem. Kill or be killed. Take no prisoners. Don' worry, I'll get us food before we're outa here."

They plunged on for several hours through the terrible nightmare garden. Rambo's flashing machete, pulsating flamethrower, voracious portable defoliant sprayer, and ever-present dynamite carved a triumphant pathway to freedom for the three fugitives. His indefatigable efforts were drawing ever more appreciative stares from Tegan. The only black note in the whole thing was the Doctor's increasingly annoying plaints about the lack of food.

"But you promised we'd find something to eat," he moaned as Rambo slashed his way past a particularly threatening vine. "Couldn't we at least look for something edible? Anything, a lizard or some jungle bird."

"Doctor, what's the matter with you?" Tegan asked. "You've never worried about food before."

Rambo blasted down a young sapling with his Ingram Mark 10. "Yo, Doc, we'll be outa dis hellhole in no more dan a week. And we should find somet'in' ta eat before den."

The Doctor's face showed open dismay. "A week! I can't wait a week! I must have something soon! Anything! Roast water buffalo. Sauteed eel. Fried gnu. I don't care what!" A tiny bit of drool was starting to collect at the corner of his mouth. Tegan stared at him in frank horror.

As darkness fell, the Doctor began hallucinating. "Capercaillies in brandy sauce. Pressed duck. A whole family paella," he ranted deliriously.

Rambo looked at the Doctor with renewed suspicion and unease. "What's wid your friend?" he asked Tegan. "He some kinda Julia Children or somethin'?"

"I don't know," said Tegan nervously. "I've never seen him like this before."

Suddenly, Rambo gasped and screamed, then fell to the jungle floor. "Geezus ----in' A!" he cried out. Tegan and the Doctor scrambled to his side.

"What happened?" Tegan asked.

Before answering, Rambo shot off his flamethrower—fortunately, to the side. In its eerie yellow light, he pointed to his hand. A vicious looking two-pronged gash stained with blood had punctured his limb.

"Snakebite!" the Doctor cried out. "Do you have any idea what kind of snake it was?"

"Musta been a cobra," Rambo gasped. "Dat's da disease—and I don't got no cure! Left da medical supplies back at base."

"But why?" Tegan asked helplessly.

"So's I could carry more firepower, of course," Rambo answered. "Oh geez. It looks pretty rocky for me now." He groaned as his head fell backward.

"Is there anything we can do for you?" Tegan whimpered. "—Doctor! What are you doing?" she cried after the Time Lord who was rummaging in the bush.

"Gathering firewood, of course!" he called back. Seconds later he rejoined her, his arms full of branches and logs.

While she looked on in stupefaction, the Doctor laid out a perfect fire, which he lit with the still ignited flamethrower. "Ah," he purred contentedly, "a perfect barbecue!"

"Barbecue?" Tegan gasped. "You don't really mean what I think you mean, do you?"

Just then, Rambo gagged. His head slumped to the side, the eyes focusing on infinity. Tegan knelt next to him. "Is he?" the Doctor asked.

"Yes, he's dead, Doctor."

"Ah, wonderful!" The Doctor clapped his hands and began rooting among the pile of military equipment scattered around the body. "Now where is that knife, anyhow?"

Tegan's eyes bugged. "You can't be serious, Doctor!"

With great aplomb, and a bit of surprise, he stared back. "And whyever not?"

"You don't really intend to...eat him, do you?"

For a few seconds, the Doctor resisted. "Well, uh...uh...yeah. Not raw! Not raw! We'll cook him! He'll be delicious, a bit of celery, some herbs. Yum yum!" He smacked his lips.

"Doctor, what's happening to you?" Tegan screamed. "You're becoming a...a cannibal!" .

The Doctor shook his head reprovingly. "Not at all, Tegan. Just exercising some of our departed friend's survival skills. You know, kill or be killed. Eat or be eaten!" He slavered. "Now, which part do you want? I always say the thigh and forearm are the tastiest. He's also got a nice big haunch. And look at all that breast meat!"

Suddenly the Doctor realized he was all alone. "Now, where did that girl go?" He could hear crashing noises coming from somewhere off in the undergrowth. "She must have run off. Wonder why? Oh well, more for me!"

Twenty-Third Season

continued from page one

year's three four-part segments, has been unofficially handling the script editor's duties.

The final rumor, unconfirmed but strongly supported, is that both Anthony Ainley and Nicholas Courtney appear, as the Master and the Brigadier, respectively, in the final two parts of the season.

More Clubs You Can Join!

continued from page three

fans in other parts of the US. HQ is moving to Atlanta soon.

Single Interest Clubs:

Patrick Troughton Appreciation Society: Founded only this year. Excellent quarterly newsletter, "The Troughton Recorder." Write: 5011 Teichert Avenue, Sacramento, CA, 95819.

Unrepentant Fans of the Fourth Doctor: Extremely funny newsletter entitled "Bumblebees." Write: 3726 Alton Street, Metairie, LA, 70001.

Finally, we should once again mention **UNYT, the United New York Taskforce,** the newest local club in our area. Designed to serve Whovians in the five boroughs of New York. For information, call 212-594-4918.

We'll print a full list of other local clubs in next month's issue.

Who's Blake?

Good question. And why should Doctor Who fans care? If you like adult, entertaining science fiction that never preaches to you, then you should be a *Blake's Seven* fan.

Blake's Seven ran in England from 1978 through the end of 1981 and it was one of the most popular science fiction programmes ever shown there. Very few public television stations have offered it so far in America. Fans who have managed to see if have almost universally acclaimed it for its sophistication, drama, and production values.

Its connection with *Doctor Who* is manifold. Terry Nation, creator of the Daleks, came up with the idea for the programme and wrote all thirteen of the first season's episodes. David Maloney, director of "Talons of Weng-Chiang," was its first producer and Chris Boucher, author of "Robots of Death," was its first script editor. Other Doctor Who writers such as Robert Holmes also wrote for the show, and many actors appeared in both series, including Colin Baker, who played a character called Bayban the Berserker in the third season.

Please volunteer to help at the fundraiser and support the airing of *Blake's Seven* on Channel 12!

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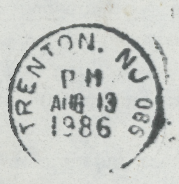

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